

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS.

The English Opera Company concluded its engagement at the Lyceum on Saturday night before a large house. The company is now in Boston. This week Manager Haverly presents the juvenile Pinafore troupe, which has been playing in the afternoon, at all the evening performances. They furnish one of the most enjoyable entertainments seen in New York this season. The Dick Deadeye (Joe Dunn) is simply inimitable. The Captain Corcoran is Master Newman, well known to the patrons of all variety theatres—a young lad with a phenomenal tenor voice for one of his years. The Sir Joseph is Alfred Klein, at one time the Roudy in Joshua Whitecomb. He makes a very portly and very acceptable Admiral. The other parts—Josephine, Ralph, Buttercup and Hebe—are sung by pretty and clever children. The mounting is the best yet seen in New York, and, altogether, the show is one which should be seen by every one.

At the Standard William Henderson continues to present his own admirable company in Pinafore. The Buttercup of Estelle Mortimer and the Josephine of Catherine Lewis are alone worth the price of admission. Miss Lewis is, vocally, by far the best Josephine we have had, while Miss Mortimer infuses such life into the Bumbout woman, that one is apt, like Captain Corcoran, to fall in love with her at sight. Mr. Henderson is happy in his selection of Ralph Rackstraw, a singer of fine method and excellent presence.

The third Pinafore is at the Madison Square, which has recovered from its prospective infliction of Trix, and become quite a popular resort. We have already spoken of the excellence of the Saville company, and it remains only to be noted that they have drawn remarkably well, considering the weather. Digby Bell as the Admiral, Flora Barry as Buttercup, and Lillian Bell as Josephine, are the best in the cast. This troupe shows most excellent practice, and at any other time would do a good business.

Jasper at the Broadway showed signs of doing a little better business toward the latter part of last week, and Mr. Fulton has resolved to keep it on. It has "struck" nowhere but the gallery, which is strange, as Devere is a popular performer, and the play is an excellent one of its class. The next attraction will be Charlotte Thompson in Jane Eyre.

This is benefit week at the Bowery. Charles Foster, Ethel Allen, and George C. are the favored ones. Next Monday night Pinafore will be produced for the first time at this theatre, with Ethel Lynton as Josephine. This is the company which was to have gone to the Broadway.

Horrors is doing a fair business at the Union Square. It has pleased very well, and, though Alice Atherton, a decided feature of the Surprise Party, is missed from the cast, her absence is made up by the others. Lina Merville is especially charming.

Engaged at the Grand Opera House has been drawing light houses, arising from the lateness of the season, the bad weather, and the inappropriateness of the play to this theatre. The season closes on Saturday.

Booth's, the Park, Olympic, Fifth Avenue, Niblo's, the Globe, and Comique continue closed. There will be no new openings before August.

—Den Thompson's route from Denver will be Central, 9th; Georgetown 11th; Greeley, 12th; thence direct to San Francisco.

—Frank Bush and Lottie Grant were married in St. Rose of Lima's Church by Father Brennan June 4. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bruno officiating as best man and bridesmaid.

—It is rumored that the The. Allen, the eighth ward politician, has got hold of the Olympic Theatre, and that he will tear out the interior, and transform it into a ball-room.

—Tracy Titus will have an English opera troupe on the road next season. Emelie Melville will be the prima-donna. Laura Joyce, H. C. Peakes, and Eugene Clark will be members.

—Billy Sweetnam, the minstrel, has "bought" half of the Park Theatre (late Arch Street Opera House), Philadelphia, for \$12,000, under a judgment he held against the property.

—The contemplated lease of Wallhalla Hall, Deadwood, by Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, was canceled on the 2d, owing to the action of Mr. Leichsenring in leasing the vacant lots adjoining for a concert garden.

—Under the management of Messrs. Parker and Marcellus, a company known as the Park Theatre combination, with A. R. Brooks and Edie Johns as stars, has been playing through the Pennsylvania coal regions.

—On the 16th a new operatic extravaganza by Fred J. Eustis and Charles F. Pidgin, will be produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Boston. It is called Sancho Pedro, and will engage the services of Misses Amy Ames, Sadie Martinot, Lizzie Hunt, Elise Bartelle, Virginia Pingree, Maud Leonard, Ada Minor, Fanny Kingman, Ethel Howard; Messrs. Stanley Feleh, Henry J. Train, J. H. O'Connor, Sydney Burt, A. E. Nichols, Frank Lodge, Frank Daniels, Arthur T. Kingman, P. D. Fisher, George D. Milton, Mr. Conley and Tom Wright.

Crozette and Sarah Bernhardt.

Crozette is getting fat! She looks wonderfully handsome in her toilets. Three years ago she was a perfect Venus, and, indeed, the fashion of wearing close-fitting Princess dresses, relieved only by scarf draperies, was inaugurated by the appearance of the then lovely Crozette in L'Etranger in a dark green velvet dress of that style which fitted her faultless figure to perfection. Now she seems to be fast qualifying herself to take the part of fat woman in a perambulating show. She is growing coarse, too, and the very inelegant cut of her corsage disclosed an amount of plumpitudinous charms that rather forced one to repeat the saying of a French writer of the last century: "I like well enough to see such things, but I do not like to have them shown to me." But her face retains its weird beauty, and her hands and arms are still lovely. It is very comical to see Sarah Bernhardt and Crozette play in the same piece, the first so woefully thin and the second so dismally stout. And Crozette is not yet twenty-eight! What will she be like in ten years more?

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is busy rehearsing with Mme. Damain two dramatic scenes which she proposes to play for the first time in London drawing-rooms. One of these, *La Ligue des Femmes*, represents a scene of jealousy wherein two married women indulge in much civil invective under the delusion that their respective husbands are paying court in an illegitimate direction. The other is more original in conception. A grand dame, incredulous as to the artistic talent of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, calls upon the actress and gives her a commission for a sculptured portrait, on condition that it is executed before her eyes. Mlle. Bernhardt accepts the commission and completes a likeness in sight of the audience. The medallion, it may be added, is to be presented to the lady of the house. During the five and twenty minutes that are needed to produce this work of art, an animated dialogue is kept up, in the course of which the actress gives expression, amid much personal detail, to her ideas about art. Strange to say, Mlle. Bernhardt does not yet know the name of the author, he having stipulated that he should keep his name until the actress was perfect in his words. The two ladies intended also to act together in various scenes of Moliere.

John Ellisler.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

Few people who take an interest in Cleveland theatrical matters—past, present, and to come—will read with unconcern the announcement of the Opera House advertisement, that of a benefit performance to its veteran manager, John Ellisler. He is the man of all others most deserving of liberal patronage on an occasion of that kind. He has done all that has been done—for about thirty years at least—for the drama of our city. Mr. Ellisler has severed entirely his connection with the Opera House, and this will be his last appearance on that stage. Some of the papers of the city have announced that he is to leave us altogether. Without knowing positively the truth or falsity of the report, it can safely be said there is some doubt as yet as to its correctness. But whether he is about to bid us farewell or not (and more especially if it is true), the people should make it manifest that he still lives in their kind regard.

—Marie Litta drew a \$2,000 house for her benefit in San Francisco.

—T. W. Davey's circuit, including many prominent theatres in the West, can now be arranged for. A list of the houses and other particulars can be found in the card elsewhere. Managers and agents have many engagements offered to them to make this circuit a part of the season's tour.

—Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, opens its season on the 25th of August with Fryer's Fatinitza Company, followed by the Salsbury Troubadours, Rice's Evangeline, Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, Joe Murphy, J. K. Emmet, Fanny Davenport, Rolson and Crane, and others.

—After the 15th consecutive representation of the Standard Pinafore, the opera will be withdrawn (Saturday night), and on Monday (16th) the lay of the minstrel will be heard within the walls of the Standard. The Original Big 4 Minstrels will appear, including some of the best talent on the variety and minstrel boards. Billy Sweetnam is among those engaged.

—Offenbach has composed a quaint opera, in which the title character is supposed to see all his heroes and heroines take form and shape in a dream. It is called *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, and has been given a private representation at which, it is said, the music produced an extraordinary sensation upon an audience comprising all the most critical representatives of Parisian society.

—For his next operatic season, which will probably open at Booth's Theatre, Max Strakosch claims to have secured as tenor, Signor Petrovitch, a Pole by birth, with a fine reputation in Italy. J. Castlemary, the French basso, has also signed with M. Strakosch. The baritone is Signor Starli, who comes highly accredited. Mme. Teresa Singer, the leading dramatic soprano of Italy, will be the leading prima-donna. The company will also include Miss Cary and Mlle. Litta. *La Reine de Saba*, Botto's *Mefistofele*, and *Le Roi de Lahore* are promised.

—Signor Gialdi's new opera, *Pelle di Leone*, has failed at Parma.

"Miss Guilt" at Wallack's.

There exists in the novels of Wilkie Collins a class of interesting females not to be found elsewhere. The busy world knows them not, and real life furnishes no counterparts. Merrey Merriek, the Magdalen, was the last of the series of which *Miss Guilt* or *Guilt* was the first. Miss Guilt was, in fact, one of those charmingly proper young women who, under guise of friend and governess, play such sad havoc in domestic households. She belongs to a class very convenient for the exigencies of the sensational novelist and romancer, but very much out of place on the stage. And herein it may be noted that the stage is so far superior to all other channels and agencies for reproducing the characters and incidents of actual life, that it forces the standard of the dramatist far beyond that of the ordinary narrator. For the stage portrays and exposes not only actions but their reasons and causes. It not only records episodes in life, but it explains them. It deals with motives, and to that extent it is not only a play and a pastime, but a study and an achievement. The heroines of Wilkie Collins' stirring tales commit all sort of crimes and escapades for which no rational reason is assigned or rational excuse offered—save that the plot demands it. When these characters come to be transplanted on the stage and subjected to its searching ordeal they fade and melt away, and we wonder that we could have been interested in the doings of puppets in a world so full of real characters. Miss Guilt, in *Amadale*, saves many a chapter from stupidity by some apt crime, but when we come to analyze the possible motives for that crime, we perceive that no adequate ones exist. The novelist has simply shaped the character to suit himself. But when Mr. Collins brings his erring but unimpeachable females from his serial stories to the footlights, they are seen to be distorted, unnatural, impossible and very worthless indeed.

Miss Guilt is an altogether barren offender. She is not actuated by strong passion, seduced by weak feeling, or goaded by hate or fear. She fulfills the demands of the dramatist, and there her usefulness ends. It is natural enough that an actress as pretensions, as unbalanced and as incompetent as Ada Cavendish, should choose such a character. It is natural enough that she should play it better than any of those she has undertaken thus far. It may be accepted as a fact that three such parts as Julia, Rosalind and Pauline, test sufficiently the powers of any woman on the stage. Miss Cavendish has played each of these, and failed in all of them. In *Miss Guilt* she does better. It is a respectable effort—if Guilt can be respectable—and a popular one in some respects.

The spectacle of a frail, fallen and repentant woman, persecuted by her betrayers, always interests the crowd. Though they see little to admire in the acting of Miss Cavendish, there is abundant food for reflection in the tortuous moral ways of the grey-eyed governess—*Miss Guilt*. Under the same circumstances, an actress, much resembling Miss Cavendish, to wit: Genevieve Ward, aroused considerable interest as *Jane Shore*, but when she came to play in *Macbeth*, Henry VIII. and the Honeymoon, her utter incapacity became apparent and her failure followed at her heels. We venture to predict that if Miss Cavendish would play *Jane Shore* in New York, she would here, as she did in San Francisco, pack the house. But it will arise from the power of the piece, not the talent of the actress. On the other hand, a woman like Clara Morris attracts "for herself alone," and as already seen, made a miserable failure in *Jane Shore*, because it was a gross, coarse picture of shame, suffering and woe, and far beneath the capacity of the actress.

Miss Guilt is not a good piece for hot weather. Those who wish to see a smooth, dull, mechanical performance, unrelieved by the slightest technical blemish and unadorned with the slightest intellectual grace, will find Miss Cavendish's performance a very acceptable one. Others will be apt to ask themselves how a woman of such feeble talents happened to be a "star."

There is some very good acting in *Miss Guilt*. It is furnished by Henry A. Weaver, a capital actor, as Dr. Downward; by Frank Hardenberg as Captain Mummel, and by Stella Boniface, who, as Miss Milroy, is simply charming. Joseph Wheelock as Midwinter has a part of poor opportunity. Mr. Rockwell, as Mr. Dance, acts with a degree of refinement rare, apt and pleasing, and Mr. Holland is satisfactory as Milroy. That inexpressible "fresh" young man, Harry Lee, quite reconciles one to any fate which might have overtaken Allen Armadale, and Miss Helen Vincent makes her "first appearance at Wallack's" as Louisa, a role of no importance whatsoever. The piece is well set. Attendance fair.

The Trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace had rather a stormy meeting recently. The trust-deed refers exclusively to the birthplace; but a few years ago the site of the poet's last residence, Newplace, was included in the trust as an inseparable adjunct. At the meeting referred to a resolution was proposed to apply part of the funds to the maintenance of the gardens attached to the new Memorial Theatre. Against this proposal Mr. Halliwell-Phillips entered a strong protest as an obvious breach of trust, those gardens not having any possible connection with the personal history of Shakespeare. The resolution has for the present been withdrawn.

Alleged Death of Howard Paul.

On Sunday it was announced that Howard Paul was dead. On Monday it was authoritatively denied. On the same day, however, the Associated Press gave out a cable dispatch which authoritatively announced the death on that morning of Mrs. Howard Paul in London. This certainty about the wife following so quickly upon the uncertainty about the husband, of course excited much conversation in the dramatic circles of the city, in which Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were so well known.

Stephen Fiske, on being interviewed, said: "Assuming that the reports of the almost simultaneous deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul be true, it would certainly be curious if this husband and wife, who for several years have not lived together, should now have died together. It is also curious that even in death Howard Paul should have had that precedence of his wife which he always claimed, and never deserved or obtained."

"I knew both Mr. and Mrs. Paul very well, and admired Mrs. Paul's varied, brilliant and original talents exceedingly. Mr. Paul was born at Boston, about 1825, and passed his time almost equally between this country and England. He has a sister married and resident at Philadelphia, whom he frequently visited. Inasmuch as I assume he is not dead, I may say that he was what I may term a professional plagiarist. Songs, stories, plays, novels, pictures—anything was fish for his net. He would tack his name to a poem by Tennyson, and publish it in the Oregon Times, reciprocating by printing as his own one of Mark Twain's sketches in the Berkshire Chronicle. He cribbed Henry S. Leigh's song of 'The Twins' in America, and his latest work was an adaptation of the American translation of one of Gaborian's novels in the London Sporting and Dramatic News. All the little comedies with which his name is connected as author, such as *Locked Out* and *My Neighbor Opposite*, are translations from the French—or English. The character sketches in which he appeared with his wife were imitations of cleverer people, like Henri Drayton or Fred Maccabe. His advertising expedients were adapted from Albert Smith and Artemus Ward. In a word, I do not believe that Howard ever had an original idea, but he was a shrewd adapter. His death coming before that of his wife is not at all like Howard, and, therefore, I cannot credit it."

"I last heard about him only yesterday, in a letter from London, dated May 27, which stated that Mr. Paul had been engaged to manage the Bronson Howard Truth Company in the English provinces. If Howard, meaning Paul and not Bronson, be dead, Truth killed him, which makes it more incomprehensible."

"Mrs. Howard Paul, however, was a different personage. Born at Dartford, Kent, not far from London, she was there celebrated as Isabella Featherstone a quarter of a century ago, and the highest honors of the lyric and dramatic stage were predicted for her. Why she ever married Mr. Paul was at the time and has ever since been a mystery; their matrimonial differences began, as mutual friends have often informed me, at the church porch. She sank a great career in the peddling entertainments which Mr. Paul organized, and lost her artistic reputation and position without receiving in exchange a tithe of the large fortune which her talents enabled her husband-partner to accumulate."

"Mrs. Paul had a marvelous voice. She could sing soprano, contralto, tenor and basso. Her Captain Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera* was not more remarkable than her imitation of Schneider in *The Grand Duchess*. I have seen her play both *Lady Macbeth* and *Heaven* on the same evening at Drury Lane. She was equally great as one of the burlesque heroes of Boucicault's *Babil* and *Bijon*, and as the Mrs. Henry Dove of Buckstone's *Married Life*. The French and Spanish language—she looked like a Castilian beauty—were as familiar to her as English. She could play upon almost any musical instrument. She invented and often wrote her share of the joint entertainments, and after she had separated from her husband wrote entirely new entertainments for herself and a small troupe of three persons. Her last appearance in London was in Arthur Sullivan's opera, *The Sorcerer*, produced in 1878, and recently in this country."

"Mrs. Paul visited this country twice professionally and was arranging for another visit next season. No, she was not popular here, nor for several years has she been popular in London. Mr. Paul had managed to identify her so completely with bizarre imitations of Sims Reeves and Therese that the individuality of her talents had become obscured in the public mind. Yet she was everywhere respected, and her pretty little villa near Regent's Park was the scene of many refined, artistic and social gatherings."

"The only justice I have ever seen done to Mrs. Howard Paul is in Pascoe's 'Dramatic List' here in the Lotos library, where she is included in the record of artists, while Howland is carefully omitted. Even the presumable obituary notices of him, already published, represent her as contributing largely to her husband's successes. But it was just the other way; he largely diminished her successes. She was the claret, he the seltzer," said Mr. Fiske (suiting the action to the word), "and although the mixture made a pleasant, light dramatic beverage, the wine would have ripened into a more valuable artistic era could Isabella Featherstone have remained unmixed with Mr. Paul."

"Howard Paul was a member of the Savage Club in London, and as such was admitted as a visiting member of the Lotos. He visited here last year and announced his intention of retiring from professional life and 'writing for the papers.' Mrs. Howard Paul, on the contrary, was a devotee to her profession and never so happy as when designing a costume, rehearsing a song or writing out a dialogue for the little entertainments with which she latterly delighted the staid audiences of provincial lyceums, suburban halls, the lecture-room of the Crystal Palace, the small theatres of country towns—and even the little theatres of London during the summer months. Her death will be deeply regretted and sincerely mourned, not only by the profession but by society."

"As for Howard—but he's not dead; and if I ventured to drop a tear to his memory he'd come over to thank me and to use the bonum mortuis as a personal puff in all the papers—so I'll drink his health instead of his memory."

French Plays in London.

The transfer of the entire organization of the Theatre Francais to the Gaiety Theatre, London, for a summer season, commenced last Monday. During the time they are away the Paris House of Moliere will be repaired and redecorated. This is the first time that the company of the Francais, as a whole, have ever left Paris. A previous visit of a portion of the company to the Opera Comique, London, in 1873, was peculiarly successful, and Earl Granville presided at a dinner given to them at the Crystal Palace; but this year almost all the seats have been subscribed for long in advance, and the furore will be unprecedented.

The Parisians are, naturally, not over-pleased; for, as the State pays for the Francais troupe, it seems but reasonable that they should remain a fixture. Nevertheless, the glory to be won will console the French people, and the extra money will be very grateful even to such artists as Got and Sarah Bernhardt. Several of the societaires are not very conversant with the English language, although an English professor has long been officially attached to the Theatre Francais for the purpose of imparting that tongue to many of the ladies and gentlemen about to cross the Channel for the edification of the elite of London play-goers, and as they work a good deal upon Shakespeare, the quotation "Too bee, our note too bee; zat is zee queestyon!" is frequently repeated, with a pronunciation which delights their French friends.

Thioun, one of the best of the troupe, will astonish our English cousins. He has the talent of imitation to such a degree that he can perfectly simulate a speech in English or German without employing a real word of either language. He was once chairman at a dinner of the Societe de l'Odeon, given at the Cafe du Theatre du Luxembourg, to which painters, sculptors, theatrical artists, and literary men were invited; and he made such an excellent speech in simulated English that the correspondent of a London illustrated paper actually thought he must have forgotten his own language, so correct and well-intoned were the expressions employed by M. Thioun on that occasion. The Frenchmen present thoroughly believed that Thioun had been speaking the purest English.

L'Etranger (known in New York from its production at the Fifth Avenue, as *The American*) was selected as the opening piece; but, of course, Sarah Bernhardt has a grievance. She wants to be the star, and her part in *L'Etranger* does not please her. There has been a cabal, and some talk of a medical certificate. Edmund Yates makes the following pitiful appeal for her London debut in tragedy—*Phedre*, or some trifle like that, and, no doubt, his influence will be sufficiently strong to change the policy of Manager Hollingshead:

"It is a curious fact that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has always to sail against the wind whenever there is an important debut in her artistic life. As a young girl, fresh from the Conservatoire, she was shown to such disadvantage to the public of the Theatre Francais as to fail utterly in the first instance. Next, at the Odeon, she appeared in the *Armande* of *Les Femmes Savantes*, a role as little adapted to her histrionic powers as might have been found in the whole French repertoire. Finally, when she appeared at the Comedie Francais, it was in the part of Mlle. de Belle-Isle, again a role very little in her gamut. Sarah Bernhardt is a great tragedian—perhaps the greatest living female tragedian. Let her play tragedy in London by all means."

To give additional eclat to the visit of the French comedians, a Congress upon Authors' Rights has been arranged to be held at London in June. Victor Hugo, Edmund About, Alexandre Dumas, Ivan Tourgueneff, Castelar, Belot, Zola, Mendes Leal, together with upward of two hundred known men of letters from France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Belgium, even from the Brazils and San Salvador, are coming, and Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, McCullagh Torrens, J. Conyns Carr, Leonard Courtney, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Mr. Forsyth, Q. C., M. P., John Hollingshead, R. H. Horne, John H. Ingram, Sutherland Edwards, Dr. Charles Mackay, and W. S. W. Vaux, F. R. S., are upon the Reception Committee. Already good Mr. Flower, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, has offered to receive and entertain the Congress in Shakespeare's birthplace, and Miss Kate Field will do what she can to make things pleasant on behalf of America.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

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NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1879.

Amusements.

WALLACE'S THEATRE—Ada Cavendish. UNION SQUARE—Hortons. LYCEUM THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore. STANDARD THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore. BROADWAY THEATRE—Sam Devere. GLOBE THEATRE—Closed. PARK THEATRE—Closed. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Closed. NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE—Closed. GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Engaged. BOWERY THEATRE—Stock in Sundries. BOOTH'S THEATRE—Closed. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—Pinafore. OLYMPIC THEATRE—Closed. HARRY MINER'S THEATRE—Variety. THEATRE COMIQUE—Closed. LONDON THEATRE—Variety. VOLKS GARDEN—Variety.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Allen, W. L.	Hastings, Marie C.
Bentwell, John R.	Hyde, W. G.
Clarke, Lillian Cleves	Mitchell, Maggie
Griffin, Hamilton	Osman, Dr.
Hamblin, Constance	Ward, Fred B.
Norris, Chas.	Sands, Geo. E.

A Sample Case.

Mrs. Alfa Merrill is a rich, pretty, giddy and ambitious young woman who aspires to become an actress. She has studied for some time under the tuition of a well-known teacher, and about eight months ago paid \$350 for the privilege of playing Julia in the Hunchback at a matinee performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to an audience of seventy persons. She afterward played one night in Newark, Essex County, New Jersey, and falling into the clutches of Mr. Hart's "Jonah," suffered the same fate as did Bessie Darling, Leona Moss, Martha Farefield and Regina Dace, and has never appeared at a regular theatrical performance since.

Mrs. Merrill has a husband who is quite willing and abundantly able to humor his wife's Thespian tastes. She reads the dramatic papers, attends all the first nights, buys new dresses and takes an active interest in theatricals without ever having an opportunity to appear on the boards. She has, of course, no talent whatever, and is altogether a very charming lady, and an undeniably bad amateur actress.

Some time ago Alfa Merrill, perceiving the bad outlook for her dramatic career and remembering with her failure at the Fifth Avenue, concluded to woo fame more ardently, and began casting about for a manager. Then there presented himself Mr. Henry Joralemon Sargent, as arrant a theatrical fraud as ever "shook" the circus tent or conjured's table for the profits of a dramatic performance. Joralemon Sargent, with the assurance of all monte men and conjurers, promptly "promised" to Mrs. Merrill, the ambitious amateur, an early appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and went on his way rejoicing.

Now Sargent has about as much authority to promise Alfa Merrill an appearance at Mr. Irving's theatre as a scene-shifter at the Union Square has to promise Berry Mitchell an appearance at Wallace's—that is to say, none at all. Sargent's promise was thus very easily made, but Mrs. Merrill rather confidently believed it. So she went forth, with, after the fashion of professional actresses, and engaged herself a "press manager" in the person of a Mr. DeNyse, and began preparing for her London appearance. Mr. DeNyse, after the manner of tyros at any trade, began comparing his new-found employer to Miss Nelson, which pleased Mrs. Merrill very much, but made her unconsciously ridiculous. Now the seventy persons who saw Alfa Merrill play know that she is in no wise comparable to Neilson, and the thousands who did not go to see her entertain a still less favorable opinion. The result of the matter briefly is, that Alfa Merrill is living on the hopes of a London appearance, that the man DeNyse is living on Alfa Merrill, that Sargent has made a promise which he cannot keep, and that the Dramatic Profession is encumbered by the presence of a bad amateur actress while dozens of excellent professional ones are idle with nothing to do.

If Effie Ellsler, or Lillie Glover, or Affie Weaver, or Ada Rehan, or Nellie Barbour, or Rose Wood, or Adele Belgarde, or Josie Batchelder, or Rosa Rand, or Henrietta Vaders, or Florence Elmore, or Genevieve Rogers, or Mary Young, or Rose Osborne, or

Lillian Cleves, or Constance Hamblin, or Mabel Jordan, or Laura Don, or Nellie Downing, or Estelle Mortimer, or any similar actress, whatever her talent or her capacity, wished to come to New York to play the character of Julia, which Alfa Merrill butchered so badly, they would find the doors of metropolitan theatres closed against them and the managers sick of the Hunchback and similar plays.

They would find the Press (its interests prostituted by the DeNyse, Sargents, etc.) suspicious of any such attempt and inclination to oppose it.

They would find the public dead and stony—so much so, in fact, that it would not support any of these actresses in a purely legitimate part, so wearied has it become of amateurs like Alfa Merrill.

It is this state of affairs which has ruined the prospects of any standard play in our midst, until managers must play Pinafore or close, and good actresses must seek in the provinces the favor and appreciation which is denied them in New York.

THE MIRROR has no hostility toward Alfa Merrill, but it disapproves of a system which, to gratify one woman's vanity, does a shameless injustice to five score of hard working professional actresses. It would be recreant indeed to its position as organ of the Stage did it not point out the wrong such women as this Alfa Merrill is doing, and direct attention to it.

There can be no reform on the Stage or amelioration of the condition of players until bad amateur actresses cease their unequal contest with professional performers, and humbugs like Sargent cease misleading tyros by making promises they cannot fulfill.

Strakosch in California.

Mr. Max Strakosch has encountered in San Francisco a very stinging, a very complete, and a thoroughly merited failure. The actual loss entailed on the management of Baldwin's by his brief season of opera is \$12,000—a very respectable amount. Considering that Strakosch brought with him no singers of more than secondary grade, it will be seen how thorough was his failure. There are few more blatant humbugs than Strakosch, and few managers whose ill-luck redounds more to the credit of the Stage. The present instance will serve as a case in point. Strakosch acted in bad faith with the Baldwin management, in the first place, by agreeing to do certain things which he failed to do. He acted in bad faith to the public (and especially the stockholders) by giving worn-out and hackneyed operas with bad singers and most decrepit appointments. Moreover, he acted in bad faith with his company. The whole season has been a fraud perpetrated by Strakosch on all concerned. His alleged chief prima-donna, Marie Litta, is one of the most thoroughly over-rated concert hall singers who ever forced their way into grand opera. Of his two tenors, one has lost his voice, and the other never had any. Annie Louise Cary, his contralto singer, has been compelled to undertake soprano parts to audiences of \$350 and expenses of \$2,000. Everything about the engagement was characteristic of Strakosch in its meanness and inadequacy. Nor is this all, for he has attempted to justify the fraud.

There is nothing really remarkable in having a bad entertainment by Strakosch. The only wonder is that the public has put up with him so long. The profession know him as a man insincere in all his dealings, seeking tribute when he is successful, and forcing penury when he fails—a man who does not stand by his contract, who does not do what he advertises, who misrepresents his artists, and who cheats his patrons. They know him as a false, fawning, purse-proud, dishonorable, scheming, and uncertain sort of man—a trickster in the profession and a humbug out of it.

Musicians know that he has always stood in the way of musical culture, has "traded" on the names of the people who made him, fraternized with his enemies and "gone back" on his friends.

The public know him as a manager who makes promises but to break them, who never in all his career ever did, or tried or intended to do, what he agreed to—a humbug of the worst order.

So long as he had no one but Max Maretzek to compete with, Strakosch prospered well enough; but the advent of Colonel Mapleson put an end forever to his ascendancy. In fact, it drove him in dismay from every place Mapleson visited, and as San Francisco was not in the list, Strakosch went there to make a last stand, and has met, as we have noted, with well merited disaster.

Next season Colonel Mapleson returns, and under the happy guidance of Haverly will visit all the chief cities outside of New York. San Francisco will be among them. He will have a troupe of well-trained singers, with at least two world-famous prima-donnas, the best dramatic tenor living, an accomplished leader, a perfect chorus and gorgeous mise-en-scene—in fact, all the essentials of a first-class performance.

Where Strakosch will go is not settled. He thinks of coming to New York, but that is not settled, and after his failure there this year his return to Booth's Theatre is unlikely. Whatever he may do is a matter of slight importance now, as his late San Francisco fiasco will do much to rid the public of one of the oiliest and shallowest pretenders who curse the American Stage.

No Good.

Mr. Clifton W. Tayleure, after experiencing a most disastrous season, has opened, somewhere over a crockery store in Broadway, a dramatic agency. Though the field is already overcrowded and the number of agents is quite out of proportion to the number of engagements made, and though Mr. Tayleure's own experience as a manager is not at all reassuring, he has entered the field with a peculiar claim. His agency will agree to furnish "attractively written advertisements" to stars and managers.

Now of all things that the profession is least in need of it is such advertisements as men like Tayleure have been wont to write. They have done already an incalculable amount of harm, and no better evidence of their thorough worthlessness can be cited than Tayleure's own case for the past three seasons.

Actors and managers do not want "attractively written" advertisements. They do not want to see a good low comedian written down as the "funny son of Momus." They do not wish to see a traveling party of five persons appear in time as "The Mammoth Caravan of Art, Genius, Muscle and Brains," nor do they wish to see a Hamlet billed as "The Inkiest of Dames." They want (like the public) to see what is going on, where it is going on, and how it is to be reached. Anything beyond this is superfluous. On the other hand, Tayleure's method of billing—Macbeth for instance—is this:

Gala Night in North American Theatricals! The weirdest and most sublime work of the greatest bard the world ever saw! Shakespeare's thrilling historical melodramatic romance,

MACBETH!

With the beauty of the American Stage and its most cultured and popular artists, Henrietta Chanfrau, as Lady Macbeth!

This "attractive advertising" deceives nobody. It is a waste of time, ingenuity and printers' ink, and a capitulation of common sense to chicanery, absurdity and fraud.

What is really needed is the return to the old system of advertising, which make an essential part of each announcement the name of every player (without exception) taking part in the representation. Thus actors and actresses who did the work would get the credit, not the shallow writer of the "attractive advertisements."

The tendency of the present system is to subordinate all of the player's work to the manager's profit and to shut him off from the just credit of his performance. This unfair and mischievous course has served to greatly lessen the drawing powers of stock players, who are lost sight of amid the adjectives of the "attractive advertisements."

If Mr. Tayleure expects this system to recommend him, he had better go out of the dramatic agency business at once, for the profession has lost patience with it, and wants work, salaries and decent acknowledgment for its individual members, not "attractive advertisements" or other trumped-up frauds.

JOYCE—The suit of Laura Joyce, for annulment of alimony, at Boston, has been indefinitely postponed.

ADAMS—A good anecdote is going the rounds of the West concerning George H. Adams the clown. At Quincy, Ill., recently, Adams was frequently interrupted by a well-dressed local noodle in the orchestra seats. Perceiving that the swell thought it was fine sport to worry a clown, Grimaldi paused in his frolics, and with a knowing wink at his tormentor exclaimed: "One fool at a time, if you please." That settled it. The fool in the auditorium was crushed.

SALSBURY—Nate Salsbury, the originator of the popular Troubadours and author of The Brook, was born in Fairport, Ill., in 1846. He was left an orphan at an early age, and has, all his life, been compelled to fight his way. He served four years in the Union Army, and was wounded three times. For some time he lived in Mexico, but returned to this country and entered into business. The dull methods of prosaic business life did not suit him, and he soon sought the stage. His career at the Boston Museum is well known. Some three years ago he organized the Troubadours in the West; and has taken them completely around the world, everywhere meeting with the same success enjoyed the present season.

—Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are to be met on their own ground by Fanny Davenport, who will next season play Pauline in The Lady of Lyons—Henry Irving's version. Costumes and everything connected with its production will be entirely new, and it will be made a decided feature of her repertoire.

PERSONAL.

EMMETT—J. K. Emmett left for Europe on Saturday. He plays at the Park in October.

BATCHELDER—Josie Batchelder goes to Dayton next week. She plays with George Jordan's company.

SEX—There will be a change in the dramatic department of the Sun about Sept. 1. It will be for the better.

CAVENDISH—Ada Cavendish volunteered to appear at Dan Harkins' benefit at the Fifth Avenue last week, but did not. Square?

WALLIS—William H. Wallis has been re-engaged by Henry E. Abbey, to support Lotta, as first old man for the season of 1879-80.

FISHER—Josephine Fisher left town on Thursday for Halifax, where she goes to be a member of Manager Nannary's Summer company.

CLOSED—John Warner has closed for the appearance of the Eliza Weathersby Froliques troupe at a local theatre for four weeks in September.

ALLEN—W. L. Allen will manage next season the National Theatre, Cincinnati, the largest theatre in that city. S. S. Hindle will be the treasurer.

IRVING—Henry Irving will not come to this country next year. That much is decided. It will take very strong inducements to make him come at all.

MARTINEY—T. Martiney, for a long time connected with the Fifth Avenue Theatre, goes to Wallace's next season in a similar leading capacity. At least such is the report.

FULTON—Chandos Fulton says that he will fight out the "supplementary" season at the Broadway at popular prices, if it takes all Summer. From present appearances, it will take all Fulton.

PHILLIPS—Mrs. Phillips has been re-engaged in the Union Square Theatre for next season. She is very a dignified and graceful actress, personating "old women" with admirable skill.

GILMORE—W. J. Gilmore and his backer, A. F. Steadwell, have secured a lease of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, for three years, with the privilege of five. They will alter it into a variety theatre.

RAYMOND—John T. Raymond closes his season at Bradford, Pa., on the 17th. He has done more hard work this season than any star actor before the public, Lawrence Barrett not excepted.

CHANFRAU—Frank Chanfrau has been reading a new play aloud in his Long Branch cottage, and Mrs. Chanfrau has been singing selections from Pinafore. They say that privacy can be secured only by the exercise of strong measures.

MARKHAM—Pauline Markham and company (except Frank Irving) left Chicago for San Francisco, June 3, under contract with Frank Lavarne to appear at the Adelphi there. McAuldy and Howe and Haley and West go also.

GILPIN—From the Star: A new dramatic star of magnitude has arisen upon Baltimore in the person of Miss Sophie Gilpin, a representative of the bluest blood of Maryland. The lady is said to have youth, beauty and talent to commend her.

GOATCHER—P. W. Goatcher, the scenic artist of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is engaged at present painting a new drop-curtain for Wallace's Theatre. When he has completed it he will paint one for Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and one for the New Brooklyn Theatre.

ROGERS—John R. Rogers arrived in town on Monday. He has acted as advance agent this season for the Tracy Titus-Catherine Lewis Opera troupe, for Fanny Davenport, Denman Thompson, Lawrence Barrett, and Dickson's Pinafore troupe, filling—report says—fifty-four weeks out of a possible fifty-two.

CHESTNUT—W. H. Daly, stage manager, has decided not to go to Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, as previously announced, but to continue in his present capacity at the Chestnut, Philadelphia. Simon Hassler, leader of orchestra, Henry M. Kister, treasurer, and P. W. Goatcher, scenic artist, have also been retained.

RICH—Poole & Donnelly are very much amused at the item which appeared in the late Mr. Hart's variety news organ last week: "R. E. J. Miles has definitely got the lease of the Grand Opera House for the coming season. The place was sold recently, and the new owner has leased it to Mr. Miles." Up to the time of our going to press Bob Miles had heard nothing of this.

ANDERSON—Joseph Anderson, a younger brother of Mary Anderson, seventeen years of age, intends to adopt the stage as his profession and to make his first appearance next year. He possesses the same commanding presence, the same fine outline of features, the same grace of movement, and a rich, sweet, flexible voice. He is a bright boy, and will be apt to achieve good success.

REMARKABLE—When Jack Haverly saw his Mastodon Minstrels at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he said that he then witnessed their performance "for the first time." The Philadelphia papers recorded the fact as a serious bit of news, and pronounced it "remarkable." What seems to us remarkable is that the Philadelphians should have believed it.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Louis Aldrich has returned to Boston. —H. C. Jarrett was in Boston last week. —W. J. Ferguson sailed for Europe on the 5th.

—N. S. Wood is having a new play written for him. —Frank Rogers has sold a play to Gus Williams.

—Bobby Newcomb stars next season with new comedy. —Haverly's Minstrels come to the Boston Theatre June 16.

—Gussie DeForrest left San Francisco for New York last week.

—R. J. Dillon will be a member of Mme. Janauschek's company next season.

—Ada Richmond will star next season with a new opera bouffe company.

—Den Thompson opens at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday.

—The season at the Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, closes on Saturday night.

—Haidee Heller sails for Europe to-day (Thursday). She returns in September.

—Thomas Maguire lost \$12,000 on the Strakosch opera season in San Francisco.

—N. C. Goodwin, Jr., and Eliza Weathersby left Boston for Larchmont on the 9th.

—Emma Bretto will arrive shortly in this city to play an engagement at the London.

—Nellie Beaumont, formerly of the Soldene troupe, sails for Europe the 15th inst.

—Milton Nobles has engaged for next season, Thomas E. Thomas and Josie Langley.

—J. A. Herne succeeds Fred Lyster as acting manager at the Baldwin, San Francisco.

—Harry Courtaine is engaged at the Union Square next season. It was settled yesterday (Wednesday).

—Eugene O. Jepson, formerly of the Den Thompson troupe, has taken up his permanent residence at Deadwood.

—Fanny Davenport has returned from San Francisco. She occupied a box at Haverly's Theatre on Tuesday evening.

—The termination of Miss Guilt at Wallace's has been changed, and Dr. Downward is not suffocated, but arrested.

—Ernest Stanley, advance agent of Billy Emerson's Minstrel troupe, is in town for the Summer. Milton Nobles has arrived.

—Eva Mills, having closed her regular season at Williamsburg, will sing a few times in New England during the regatta week.

—Manager E. E. Rice was in Boston last week, arranging for the production of Revels at the Park Theatre, about the first of July.

—The Elio Carfano Freaks of Fortune combination disbanded at Steubenville, Ohio. Their gross receipts for three performances were \$39.

—N. D. Roberts visited Toledo, O., on June 5, and on the 8th was to have returned to Cincinnati preparatory to starting to San Francisco.

—Alice Carle, who has been singing in Fatinitza at the Boston Theatre, will be a member of the Boston Museum company for next season.

—The Standard Pinafore goes on the road for two weeks, and will then be reorganized for next season with a full repertoire of light English opera.

—Marie Prescott has, it appears, made quite a hit in San Francisco, supporting Lawrence Barrett—as Emelia in Othello, and Julie De Mortimer in Richelieu.

—The last nights of The Brook are announced at the San Francisco Opera House. No one should fail to see the entertainment, which is the best of its kind in New York.

—Buffalo Bill and his combination start upon next season's tour from Davenport, Ia., Sept. 1. Josh Ogden will be the advance agent, as he has been for six seasons past.

—Kit Clarke, Senator Haynes of Massachusetts, and "Pick" Russell of Russell, Morgan & Co., Cincinnati, started on Wednesday for a six weeks' trout fishing trip in Canada.

—John Stetson proposes to sail for Europe in a few weeks to arrange for the coming season. Salvini, Irving and Neilson appear under his management in Boston, and perhaps elsewhere.

—Thomas Donaldson, better known as big-hearted Tom, one of the best and most genial of variety managers, has been stricken down with rheumatism. Let us pray for an early recovery.

—Manager George A. Jones' Opera company, which has performed at the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, during last week, will appear in The Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy) next season.

—If Manager J. H. Haverly's progress continues at the same rate as has marked his movements during the past two or three years, it is merely a simple question in arithmetic how long it will take him to absorb all the best theatrical property and people in this country.

—On June 1 Milton Nobles closed his season at Chicago, which began Sept. 3, 1878. During that time he visited thirty States, and traveled about seventeen thousand miles. The profits on the season are about eighteen thousand dollars. His last performances at Hamlin's Chicago, drew the largest houses ever gathered into that theatre.

FAIR PLAY FOR ALICE OATES.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE WAR AGAINST HER.

For the past two weeks Alice Oates, the opera bouffe prima-donna, has been subjected to a very searching and very unfair ordeal at the hands of the Press of the country. The MIRROR has refrained from taking any part in the controversy, for the simple reason that it had no wish to propagate an unsavory theatrical scandal, or to aid in blighting or blasting the prospects of any one who depends on the stage for a livelihood. When, however, a scandal assumes such proportions that it is no longer possible to repress it, we conceive the fair course to be to publish all the facts precisely as they are, no matter who they may help, hurt, or influence. To this duty THE MIRROR now addresses itself.

When the facts as we give them are read, we think no one will withhold his sympathy from Mrs. Oates as a very much persecuted and very ill-used woman.

About two years ago Mrs. Henri Laurent, wife of the tenor, brought suit for divorce against her husband on the ground of his alleged criminal intimacy with Alice Oates. This was at Detroit. A little time afterward she followed him to Washington, where she made a demand for money. Laurent complied, and Mrs. Laurent withdrew her charges. She signed a document denying everything she had said against Mrs. Oates. It was duly witnessed by four persons. It was believed to be accepted as a complete exoneration of Mrs. Oates. So long as Laurent continued to give her money everything went well, and she had no charges to make, but as soon as the remittances ceased she began threatening him with exposure, and Mrs. Oates with assault. During all this time Laurent and Mrs. Oates corresponded—she destroying his letters as soon as received, he keeping hers. On the 3d of February last Mr. Laurent organized a Pinafore party to do that opera at the Fifth Avenue. He had already violated his contract with J. C. Duff, with whom he had been playing, and Mrs. Oates had loaned him the money on which to start his enterprise. Before he had played there a fortnight he transferred his affections from his friend and patron, Alice Oates, to Blanche Corelli, a young person who had graduated from the variety stage, and who sang Josephine in the opera. Mrs. Oates was not aware of this, but it came to the notice of Mrs. Laurent. One Saturday, about five o'clock, he returned home accompanied by Blanche Corelli, and here occurred a warm quarrel between the three. Mrs. Laurent denounced her husband; Blanche Corelli denounced Mrs. Laurent, and the trio denounced Mrs. Oates.

The scene was a spirited one, as the tall, lank tenor defended himself from the attacks of his prosaic-looking wife, and as the nervous, sensuous, dark-eyed and awkward little Italian beauty, Corelli, forgot the ways of Josephine, and relapsed into her old variety methods. There were no other parties to that meeting, but the principals will never forget it.

An overt fight followed, and Laurent and Miss Corelli withdrew. Mrs. Laurent, who throughout all these proceedings has sought to right her domestic ills by an appeal to the newspapers, went to the editor of a weekly paper here, and detailed to him the fact of his connection with Blanche Corelli. The sinister worthy who has at all times abused and assailed Mrs. Oates, listened to the wife's narrative without answering definitely whether he should use it. That evening he visited Laurent and told him what he had heard. Laurent thereupon told him how anxious he was to have the scandal suppressed, and added that he would pay to have it done. To this point all the accounts agree. Beyond it there is some little doubt. From the most authentic evidence, however, it seems that an arrangement was effected whereby, in consideration of \$300 (Alice Oates' money) the editor agreed to "shield" Miss Corelli and to suppress the facts of Mr. Laurent's connection. When Mrs. Laurent asked why the story she told was not published, she received the evasive reply that it did not interest the public. Having failed to get the publicity she sought after, she thereupon made a formal demand upon Laurent for money. He complied on condition that she should shield him, and paid her \$5 a week beyond her original allowance for this. When his payments stopped she again announced that she would expose him.

She went further than this, and made a formal demand for money. As Mrs. Oates says:

"It is simply a blackmailing job, nothing more. Every one of those letters was concocted to extort money from me, but I was determined that I would not be bled in any such way."

"Did Mrs. Laurent or any of her friends ever approach you for money?"

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Laurent did. She wrote me a letter when I was in New York, and said in it I did not help her that she would scandalize me before the world."

"How long ago was this?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Have you that letter?"

"Yes, sir; it is in New York, and I can produce it if necessary."

Let it be noted that Mrs. Oates owed Mrs. Laurent nothing, that Mrs. Laurent had at that time no claim on her for anything. She wanted more and traded on Mrs. Oates' tears to get it. As the latter lady was then about playing in New York, she was anxious not to be assailed. This was but natural. But

hereabouts Mrs. Oates made a mistake which has certainly lost her the sympathy of a great many people.

SHE YIELDED TO THE BLACKMAIL AND PAID MRS. LAURENT \$20!

The threatened exposures were not made, of course, and Mrs. Laurent continued (in consideration of the \$20 paid) to "shield" the woman whom she claimed had destroyed her domestic happiness. Mrs. Laurent's account of the payment is as follows:

"She (Mrs. Oates) declared that she would never—no, never—speak to him again. Before leaving she gave me twenty dollars, which I accepted."

"She asked: 'You have my letters?' I said, 'Yes, they are in a safe deposit vault.' 'I would much rather,' she exclaimed, 'they were burnt.'"

Time elapsed. Laurent continued to be with Miss Corelli, and the "editor" continued to keep dark. Mrs. Laurent did not fail to ask Mrs. Oates for money as the price of not publishing her letters. In other words, it was a conspiracy all round. Alice Oates, who was the only one who had any care for her good name, bought the silence of Mrs. Laurent, and the Corelli matter was not spoken of. Be it noted here that Mrs. Laurent made no charges against Miss Corelli, toward whom she had been so bitter—for that lady had no money. But upon Mrs. Oates, whom she had sworn to be innocent of any wrong with her husband, her demands were incessant. Mrs. Oates was known to have money.

Mrs. Oates was culpable in yielding to the demands of blackmailers. For she should have known that a demand for "hush money," once yielded to, lasts forever—and that it is insatiable. It grows even on what it feeds. Shortly after she had made the first payment, a Philadelphia, Mr. Samuel P. Watkins, made to her a formal offer of marriage. It was accepted. But here again new troubles stood in her way. Those who were trading on this little woman's fears and weaknesses, soon understood that her nuptials would put an end to further payment. They gave the sprightly prima-donna the unpleasant alternative of either paying them liberally for their silence, or having her marriage broken off by the publication of those letters. What she knew they contained, she did not fear. It was something that in the heat and flurry of passion she might have written, that she most dreaded.

But a woman's tact came to her rescue. She said nothing of her approaching nuptials. She simply went and got married.

On Saturday evening, May 17, at 8 o'clock, the Rev. James Neill, a Philadelphia clergyman, called at No. 724 North 20th street. There he met Samuel P. Watkins, who said to him:

"I want you to perform a marriage ceremony for me; but I am a divorced man—would that be any objection to your doing so?"

"Not if you have been legally divorced," replied Mr. Neill.

"That is all right; I have been legally divorced."

"Then," said Mr. Neill, "tell me the name of yourself and the lady, that I may make out a certificate."

The gentleman gave his name as Samuel P. Watkins, and that of the lady as Alice Oates, and left. Mr. Neill, being a clergyman, had never heard of Alice Oates, and had no idea as to who or what she was, whether maid or widow, opera-singer or housemaid. He made out a certificate, and took it with him to 724 North 20th street, where Mr. Sam Watkins, the prospective groom, introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watkins, his father and mother, to his sister, and Alice Oates. Mr. Neill was then asked if he would perform the ceremony with a ring. He replied "Certainly;" but Mrs. Oates, asking if it would take more time to be married in that way, and being told that it would, expressed a desire that they should be married without a ring, and Mr. Neill accordingly performed the ceremony without one. He left the house at a quarter past nine.

Mr. Watkins is a non-professional; he is engaged in his father's wholesale trimming house, in Bank street, Philadelphia. His parents occupy a good social position in that city.

Immediately following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins went to Louisville, where they are now living at the residence of Mrs. Oates' mother, at 656 West Market Street. Her sister, Pauline Merritt, is with her. It appears that since her marriage, which, by the way, is fully confirmed by an interview with the officiating clergyman, demands on Mrs. Oates for money have not ceased. The reply to the last one not having proved satisfactory, Mrs. Laurent put into effect her original threat, and published Mrs. Oates' letters. They seemed to have produced no serious effect on any, except Bob Miles, her late manager.

This ends the story. A half dozen harpies have been drawing money from Mrs. Oates to "suppress" a publication which, sooner or later, must have become known. Mrs. Oates' treatment has been shameful throughout. Laurent kept the little woman's letters to be used at any time against her, though she—womanlike—destroyed his. Mrs. Laurent received money from Mrs. Oates for her silence, and when it was no longer forthcoming, she violated faith by publishing the letters. Laurent used Mrs. Oates' money, not to deter his wife from attacking her, but to shield Miss Corelli, who had superseded her in his affections. And throughout all

this Mrs. Oates has been the one woman to work, to pay, and to suffer; the one victim of the conspiracy; the one on whom the brunt of the whole exposure is made to fall.

What are her letters?

They have not been published. Garbled extracts have appeared, and false and damaging quotations from them have been made. If Mrs. Laurent wishes, as she says, to tell the whole truth, let her publish the whole correspondence. Nor should the newspapers omit from their publication the saving clauses, and decide them "unfit for publication;" and, withal, let Mrs. Oates be given fair play.

She is a hard-working, restless little woman, the sole support of an aged mother of seventy years, and an invalid and infirm sister. She has played a very successful season this year, but what has not gone to support her family has been wrested from her by trading upon her fears.

In the case of an actress her public name is all that she has to secure her a livelihood. Who destroys that, destroys her.

Mrs. Oates is entitled at least to fair treatment. No man will withhold her that. When we see the troubles she has gone through between the "suppressive" blackmailers on the Press on the one hand, and "explosive" blackmailers on the other, one can appreciate the burdens of an actress who has been indiscreet enough to write some amatory love-letters to a man who had not the manhood to destroy them, or the honor and decency to see that her confidence was respected.

Perhaps the most peculiar thing in the whole affair is the suit of Mrs. Laurent against her husband for \$20,000 damages, which will develop who received the \$300 for "suppressing" the facts we have given above.

Three of a Kind.

The three "show" papers which, within the short space of six calendar months, THE MIRROR has displaced and supplanted, are the Mercury, the Clipper, and the late Mr. Josh Hart's variety organ. This decline, which has been going on so speedily of late, seems to some people utterly inexplicable. To such persons we commend an examination of the three sheets of last week, and they will perceive their downfall to be not at all unaccountable.

The Mercury is a newspaper claiming the patronage of professionals, on the alleged ground of being devoted to their interests. Not a day passes but that some manager is importuned to help it. The Mercury purports to be an organ of the stage, but it is actually a paper devoted to the base and ill-licit interests of pickpockets, prostitutes and panders. Though the Mercury seeks the patronage of reputable and managers, it does not hesitate to publish articles which preclude it from circulating among decent people anywhere. Its leading editorial last week was—

WOMEN WHO LOVE WOMEN.

In order to fairly understand a woman of her organization, it is necessary to say a few words about the sexes. A man is male-female. This quality must be constitutively natural. In man, the male element is superior to, and, therefore, dominates the female element. In true men, there are occasionally to be seen small, dainty fellows, with large hips and feminine walk, in which the female almost equals the male element. This sort of half female, half male suits females of the taste of Miss Duer, and in their absence they take to the genuine female. On the other hand, a woman is a female male. In a healthy state, by which is meant a perfectly natural and normal organization, the female element is superior to, and dominates the male element. In women of the manly tastes and habits of Miss Duer, the male element is superior to, and dominates the female element. A few women of this stamp would put laurels at their feet, for they are exceptions to the rule and are feminine-looking, yet of an interior manliness. But the mass of women who love women possess great bodily masculinity, and Miss Duer is described to be a strong type of this species. The forehead is deficient, and the lower part of the face heavy, massive and sensual. Many of them have perceptible mustaches, and are rude in manners, and speak with a basso-contralto voice. A glance at the length and breadth of the chin, from the lower lip downward, is pretty conclusive evidence of a sensualistic and masculine nature. It is utterly disgusting to see such women caress girls and listen to their sickening words of endearment. Around them is an aura of corruption which no delicate young female can enter without departing with a share of the man-woman's pollution.

It would not be easy to find in all the literature of the baguinos, anything more flagrantly obscene, dirty, brazen or detestable than the above. Gulick's History of Harlots is a mild and inoffensive teaching beside so foul an article as this. Is it any wonder that the Mercury's appeal for "cards" from the profession elicited but one response, and that from a lady presumably ignorant of the standing of the sheet. Among the other articles in the Mercury last week are the following: Love's Tangles and Trials, Disqualified, A Black Vampire, A Sinless Crime, Picture of a Sweet Woman, Nellie Peabody's Freak, and The Romance of a Pair of Slippers.

The Clipper, which calls itself the "oldest theatrical journal," is about as much a representative of the profession as its salacious contemporary, the Mercury. Here is the kind of news matter it furnishes the ladies and gentlemen of the American stage. All the items are from last week's issue:

Jimmy Elliott's benefit at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 31, did not "pan out" nearly so well as had been expected. The performance embraced set-tees between Pat McDermott and Billy Madden, Pete McCoy and Seddons' Mouse, O'Brien and Jim Norton, John Cash and John O'Leary, and Johnny Dwyer and Joe Jones. Joe Ryan and Johnson also wrestled. Uncle Tovee was M. C.

Mike and Jerry Donovan are to take a joint benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, Chicago, Ill., June 7. The old veteran, Charley Perkins, who has been tied up in Chicago all winter and spring, will spot with each of the brothers during the evening.

Mike Gillespie and Jimmy Gallagher, clever light-weights, have a benefit at Co. D. Ar-

mory, Trenton, N. J., on Monday evening, June 9. The wind-up will be given by Gillespie Harry Hicken. Seddons' Mouse will have a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, June 8.

Johnny Dwyer has not made any answer to the challenge from Paddy Ryan of Troy, whose \$100 remain uncovered.

Rat-baiting and dog-fights were slack last week.

"Hello, Jim; yer not a-lookin' very well today. Anything wrong?" "N-n-no, not 'sack-ly; but I've just had a dose of Epsom salts, and I'm a trifle out. I got on the wrong horse."

Among the "special" articles were found the following: The Autocrat's Daughter; or, The Bride of the Guillotine, A Fatal Love, Waiting for the Devil, A Diamond Romance, Ruined Body and Soul, and Regret.

Mr. Josh Hart's variety organ leads off with an autobiographical sketch on "Humbly," and contains the following:

Immortality of Actresses—one column.
Charles A. Dana—one column.
Kenwald Philip's Alleged Jokes—one column.

The New Roman Catholic Cathedral—half column.

Alfa Merrill—half column.

William R. Travers—quarter column.

The Learned Pig (autobiographical)—column and a quarter.

"Society" News—two columns.

Praise of Hart and Harkins—one column.

Attack on Bonicault—two columns.

As a sample of the kind of dramatic "news" furnished, the following will be found a fair one:

MR. HARKINS' BENEFIT.

Mr. Harkins retired from the management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Saturday night. A very short canvass showed that there was a general willingness to tender him a benefit among the profession, and in two days a list of attractions was got together such as rarely has been seen.

How popular a man Harkins is is shown by that list, and still more so by the fact that on Monday, during two hours of the afternoon, over \$500 worth of tickets were sold. During the past season Harkins has had to fight against overwhelming odds. After five months of management, and AFTER MEETING EVERY OBLIGATION, the proprietors of the house rich at the first offer that is made them, even though Harkins himself made them a better one.

Now it is notorious that poor Harkins has not "met every obligation," for, in fact, there is scarcely an employee of the Fifth Avenue, whether actor, usher, scene-shifter or bill distributor, but has been owed money. Bills (even in small amounts) to newspapers remain unpaid, and Harkins left the theatre a ruined man. Is it not enough that Hart's paper should have killed him, without following it up with falsehood? The sale of \$500 worth of seats in two hours on Monday is simply nonsense. Harkins' benefit attracted a poor house on Friday, although he had all the best attractions in town, a fine day, no opposition, and really deserved a "bumper."

THE MIRROR does not found any of its claim for consideration on the demerits of its rapidly declining contemporaries, but on its own excellence as an organ of news and as the most valuable medium of communication between actors, managers and the public. It cannot deny, however, that very much of its remarkable success has been due to the fact that professionals need a paper in which their interests are not overshadowed by those of prize-fighters, liars, and harlots. Indeed, the only wonder is that the usually alert stage people did not "tumble" to the situation sooner.

More "Jonah."

THE MIRROR took occasion some time since to warn Mr. John A. Stevens of the evil consequences which would be apt to follow any affiliation on his part with the newspaper Jonah of the late Josh Hart. Mr. Stevens did not take kindly to the advice so freely offered, but pursued his own course. He had made, he claims, \$4,000 during the past season, by religiously and sedulously keeping away from the ill-omened agency which has killed so many. THE MIRROR, which likes Stevens not less for his manly beauty and original acting than for his enterprise and work, then warned him, in the frankest and kindest way possible, not to jeopardize his profits by any false step. Mr. Stevens did not altogether heed that advice. In fact, we must confess, he went just counter to it. What is the result? It has come sooner than he expected, sooner than we predicted, but no sooner than his foolhardiness deserved.

On Monday last Stevens began an engagement at the Jersey City Opera House. On Wednesday the manager disappeared. The week was finished on the "commonwealth," and furnished an inglorious end to what had been a most brilliant season. Mr. Stevens returns from across the river a wiser man. He understands now why it is desirable to keep clear of Hart's "Jonah," and why he achieved so much success in adhering to that policy.

The break up at the house is a very bad one. Smith, the capitalist of the management, suddenly disappeared, and Walter Edmunds, his partner, found himself unable to pay. Oliver Doud Byron canceled his engagement for this week, and the house is closed. This much for Jonah. The name of Stevens must now be added to the already too long list of those who have failed by depending on the ill-fated and sinister paper to whom they can trace all their reverses.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO FAILED THROUGH THE "JONAH."

The late JOSH HART.

Steele Mackaye's Madison Square Theatre.

Cazauban's Lost Children.

Daniel H. Harkins.

Patrick J. S. McKenna's Whims.

John A. Stevens.

—THE MIRROR is asked to publish something about one of "Col." Theodore Morris' Chillicothe experiences. This it declines to do.

HAVERLY'S "DYNAMITES."

INTERVIEW WITH MCKEE RANKIN.

It having come to the notice of THE MIRROR that Arthur McKee Rankin had something important to say to the world concerning his recent season with Haverly's Dynamites, and appreciating that THE MIRROR was the best place wherein to say it, a reporter of this paper was deputed to go to Mr. Rankin's Canada residence, opposite Detroit, and there interview him on the subject. Our representative lost no time in complying with his instructions, and in the report which follows will be found a statement of what he saw and learned.

Your commissioner met Mr. Rankin on the veranda of his residence, and found him very warm and very communicative.

"I have called," he said, "to get for THE MIRROR your candid views on the recent season of Haverly's Dynamites."

Mr. Rankin gave a sigh of despair, and ejaculated sharply:

"Damn Haverly!"

"Damn him?" said the reporter; "damn Jack Haverly, the smartest, squarest, and most enterprising of all American managers? Why 'damn' him?"

"Because," said Mr. Rankin, drawing his chair closer, and beckoning THE MIRROR man to a stool near by, "because he is 'no good.'"

"No good!" said the reporter; "you surprise me! Tell me all about it."

With this remark he drew nearer to Rankin and listened to his honeyed words.

"Well, the fact is," said Rankin, brushing a fly from the lapel of his coat, "the fact is, Haverly is a fool!"

The reporter looked surprised.

"Do I surprise you?" inquired Rankin.

The reporter acknowledged that he did.

"Bah!" said Rankin. "Why look at the route he made for us. Towns in regular order. Such nonsense! When I took out my Two Orphans party we would often make a jump of fifty miles. We thought nothing of it."

The reporter assented.

"Besides," he said, "I had the greatest trouble with him in other ways. You know he is quarrelsome and testy and unpopular. He has no head, no enterprise. I had to do all the work myself," said Rankin, pointing to the furrows on his brow in testimony of the fact. "It was as much as I could do to straighten out the troubles he had made. Why, would you believe it, in some towns he billed the show 'Haverly's Dynamites' and people asked, Who is Haverly? It required all my tact to let them know it was my troupe."

"Did Haverly trouble you in business matters?" asked the reporter.

"Very little," said Rankin. "I paid him regularly, and gave him no chance for complaint."

"Was that your arrangement, Mr. Rankin?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, I was to get \$40,000 for the season, and Haverly was to get the rest. So I just paid him his share, and took mine."

"What was yours?"

"\$500 a week."

"What was Mr. Haverly's share?"

"Well, he got 65 per cent. of the gross receipts, and paid the company."

"How much did the company get?"

"\$235 a week."

"And you \$500! How much did Mr. Haverly's percentage come to?"

"About \$800."

"And he paid \$735 for salaries. What became of the remaining \$65?"

"Well, it cost him about \$60 for printing and railroad fares."

"Then I am to understand that he took all the risk and cleared \$5 a week?"

"That is the meaning I intended to convey."

"Let me ask you, Mr. Rankin—will you retain Haverly next season?"

"By no means," said Rankin. "I have discharged him. I intend taking the management into my own hands."

"You are tired of Haverly?"

"Sick and tired of him."

"By the way, Mr. Rankin, your property was several times attached. Was that Mr. Haverly's fault?"

Rankin did not respond.

The reporter changed the subject, and asked how Mr. Rankin's crusade against the immorality of the stage was progressing.

Rankin shook his head.

"It cannot be that you have abandoned so noble a cause?" ventured the reporter.

"No," said Rankin. "I can carry it on better from Canada. I am represented in the East by a worthy substitute. His interest and activity are unflagging."

"Do you object to giving his name?"

"Not at all. It is James H. Meade, the noblest man in the world. He's the man to put Jack Haverly in his place."

"Was the season of The Dynamites successful?"

"Not altogether. It failed somewhat for lack of patronage."

Perceiving the approach of Mrs. Rankin, the reporter retired, wrapt in admiration of the great and good man, whose benevolence is as broad as Lake Superior, and whose admiration for Haverly is as lively as Lake street, Chicago, on a windy day.

—R. M. Hooley is organizing a mammoth minstrel party of fifty performers, after the style of Jack Haverly's Mastodons. They

do. "Take the road at once."

London Correspondence.

JUNIOR GARRICK CLUB,
LONDON, MAY 27, 1879.

In my last, if I remember rightly, I alluded to the number of distinguished artists who are at present resting from their professional labors through illness or otherwise. I forget whether or not I mentioned the name of Mme. Christine Nilsson; but it doesn't matter whether or not—I mention it now. Some time ago serious misunderstandings arose between the great prima-donna and the indefatigable impresario—Col. Mapleson. As usual it was all about a matter of money. The gallant Colonel thought the fair Swede's terms exorbitant—which in all likelihood they were—and insisted on their being considerably reduced and modified. To this Madame, who in matters of business is quite as close and keen as Mapleson himself, and that's saying a great deal, resolutely refused to comply, and the manager being equally stubborn, there was a "row." Now, however, I hear that a compromise has been effected, both sides yielding a little. At any rate, Mme. Nilsson is announced to appear to-night at Her Majesty's as Margherita in Faust; to my mind quite the best, or, at any rate, the most poetic and satisfying of all the great diva's lyrical impersonations. It is by no means certain, however, that she will appear. The "Colonel" has rather a trick of advertising his "stars," who at the last moment find themselves so indisposed as to be unable to sing. But then the house has been filled in anticipation of her appearance; the inevitable doctor's certificate—they can be had at all prices, from five up to fifty guineas; it all depends on the status of the disabled artist—is produced, the Colonel appears in evening dress in front of the curtain with the inevitable red rose in his button-hole, and in melodiously lugubrious tones announces the melancholy fact that the Madame, etc., etc. And so the old farce is played again, and no man living has played it oftener than Col. Mapleson, except it may be Sims Reeves; but, then, Sims Reeves, poor fellow, has only too good reasons for his frequent inability to keep his engagements. Ill-natured people would have one believe otherwise; but this is the truth.

One fact that seems to me very strongly to militate against the probability of the report that Nilsson and Mapleson have "made it up," is that Verdi's Aida, which he is about to produce, will be presented minus Nilsson, who, as you doubtless remember, played the title role on the occasion of the first presentation of the opera at your own Academy of Music some years ago. The part will be assumed by your fair and perfect-throated countrywoman, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, on whose merits it would be impertinent for me to dilate in the columns of an American journal.

Patti "the divine"—Adelina Patti—will not cross the Atlantic either this year or next, and I don't think ever will, unless, indeed, she remains on the stage until she becomes passe, like poor Mario and Tamberlik, and crosses in the hope of making a fresh fortune on the strength of her old reputation. Patti, with all her "divinity," is very fond of money, as what woman is not? and Nicolini is a very expensive luxury; perhaps I should say necessity, considering the character of the relations between them. Besides, like most great singers, she has a horror of the "briny," and is really a great sufferer from mal de mer when she ventures on board ship. Even crossing the Channel is an ordeal she cares to brave as seldom as possible.

In matters purely dramatic there is little stirring. Arthur Strehleley, the creator of Mrs. Brown, of whom I wrote some weeks ago, has, contrary to my prediction, let me candidly confess, been completely successful in his rendition of Sir John Falstaff at the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday morning.

Charles the First, Eugene Aram and Richelieu are to be revived at the Lyceum, which continues to be crowded nightly. How Mr. Henry Irving with his delicate physique stands the strain I can't tell, and his friends have been urging him to take rest; but he won't, and when Henry Irving says "no," you may rest assured the matter's settled.

The End of Landis.

Some time since, Archie D. C. (dead-set) Gordon began writing a play for Dr. S. M. Landis, the Philadelphia Lunatic. It was to be in a prologue and nine acts, and subject to the following conditions: Landis was to pay for the piece, if accepted, \$1,000—\$25 cash down, and the balance at the end of two years. The prologue, as written by Gordon, was sent on to Landis, who strongly approved of it. He pronounced it even superior to his own piece, Dick Shaw the Fiend, and encouraged Gordon to persevere. When, however, Gordon sent on the first act, the redoubtable M. D. wilted. It has proved a terrible blow to his nervous system. The following advertisement from the Philadelphia Times of Sunday explains the cause. Gordon has killed off poor Landis.

DR. S. M. LANDIS HAS QUIT THE Stage forever. Having recuperated his over-worked brain, which he exercised 25 years continuously in his Reformed Medical Practice, he now resumes his Treatment of Chronic Diseases, without drugging, at 309 North Tenth Street. Send a stamp for his Health Journal and Mystic Reformer. Incubates, enli.

John Jack and Charles Wheatleigh opened the Grant-road Theatre, Bombay, India, April 20, producing for the first time *Our Boys*, with Mr. Jack as Percy Middlewick, Mr. Wheatleigh as Talbot Champneys, and Annie Firmin as Mary Melrose.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

AS SEEN BY A GERMAN CRITIC.

The condition of the London stage is indescribably bad. At almost all the houses miserable pieces are produced, from which the manager of a fourth-rate theatre in Germany or Austria would shrink; in most of the theatres the worship of legs and toilets prevail, the worshippers being feeble imitators of the gommeux of the Paris boulevards. Paris, indeed, has also a number of theatres of this kind, but here—and this is the great difference between London and Paris—there is no counterpoise in the shape of a house like the Theatre Francaise, where one can take refuge from the contagious proximity of the English petits creves. For the two theatres which cultivate the better kind of comedy (for the most part translations from the French) have no repertory, like the Vienna Burgtheatre or the Comedie Francaise, but only one particular piece, which is played every evening, often for a whole year, till even the English have had too much of it. Then another piece succeeds it, and so on ad libitum.

In Germany an actor absolutely incapable of speaking distinctly would be a pure impossibility. Here Irving is regarded as a demigod; a worse perversion of taste is inconceivable. These are sad reflections during the Shakespeare week; but one cannot shut one's eyes to things which every one in his senses must see. No wonder that the better and more educated classes avoid and shun the theatre. The Haymarket Theatre has revived Sheridan's Rivals. Sheridan is the hobby-horse of all theatre managers who are driven to desperation by the poverty of contemporary English dramatists. His pieces remain at least eternally new, and they always draw. Every generation of Englishmen must see Sheridan's masterpieces at least once. Why not Shakespeare's, too? Because Sheridan is easy to play and is hardly readable, while Shakespeare affords almost as much pleasure to the reader, and the art of representing his character seems to be lost for the moment, at least in England.

A public as in Vienna, Dresden or Paris, who go by preference to a particular theatre to hear from time to time the best modern or classical pieces, and to admire their favorite actors in various parts, is, of course, out of the question in the present state of the London stage. For there is no repertory, and, therefore, no theatre properly so called. There are some twenty houses, each of which has its particular piece, which is performed in a manner that appeals mainly to the eyes of the spectators. Even Irving's so-called Shakespeare revivals belong to this category. The same principal, the same fundamental idea prevails in them, too. One piece is played continuously; an actor or actress is prepared for one particular part, which he or she plays night after night, and artistic perception on the part of players or audience is out of the question. In this I speak only in general of the principle of the London theatres and not of individual actors, the most famous of whom, Irving, lacks the first and most necessary requisite of an actor. For Irving cannot speak; he cannot utter a single word clearly and simply. He strangles or crushes with his tongue every word, every syllable, every letter, or he belows and raves in tones that are hardly human. In both cases he is insupportable.

Foreign Amusement Notes.

Hans Richter, who conducted Wagner's famous orchestra at the last Bayreuth festival, has been giving some orchestral concerts in London, where he has been greatly admired. Especially fine has been his conducting of selections from Wagner's works. He will return to London next season, and conduct a series of eight concerts, in which the nine symphonies of Beethoven are to be performed in chronological order.

For the last season at the Grand Opera in Paris the principal artists are to receive \$26,000. Mlle. Albani received 3,500; for each representation, or 110,000; in all; Mlle. Sanz received 8,000; per month, or 46,000; Mme. Durand (formerly the wife of Col. Hitchcock of Vermont, who died some years ago), who was paid 10,000; per month, received 30,000; in all, and M. Panofini, at a salary of 8,000; per month, received 50,000; for the entire season.

An Apology.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following letter from Mr. J. W. Forney, Jr.:

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 3, 1879.

MR. HARVEY:—DEAR SIR: I beg that for an assignment at at come of dr. From it Mr. Forney and yourself. All are so sop, that I dr. and security for should be you charm be snare proud attract upon one fr. what warm. I onell how we can will to you as I saw. Understand you megray. A help that I would submit to for other silks. Reply that is not my May. Mr. Harvey, I allow no lady to answer no. Neither in doing to pay the waiter. Kindly and Respt.

J. W. FORNEY, JR.

We accept this apology in the same spirit that it is tendered, and trust that we shall hear nothing further of any differences of opinion.

—The next season at the Grand Opera House begins on the 24th of August. Engagements have been made with the following artists: Joe Murphy, two weeks; Emma Abbott Opera Company, two weeks; Tony Pastor, one week; Joseph Jefferson, two weeks; Fanny Davenport, two weeks; Edwin Booth, four weeks, and several other of the leading attractions. Edwin Booth's engagement will be a notable feature of the season.

A Chat with Mary Anderson.

(From the Star.)

"Shew him into the blue parlor, and tell him, please, that I'll be down right away."

Mary Anderson sent down this message in response to the reportorial postboard. And the blue parlor! It was a cosy snugger: a little piece of blue sky, walled in and shaded by paintings and a soft, noiseless carpet. The furniture emphasized the cheeriness, and huge mirrors reflected it. The blue parlor was one of those rooms which, though rich, are used; the blinds were wide open, and the breeze lifted the heavy curtains. Its elegance was not a ban upon comfort, nor its appointments such as to command the rigid perpendicular. Indeed, it was one of those places that have about them an air of mellow enjoyment; an apartment that suggests refined cigar smoke and ease after the dinner hour.

"Good evening!"

"I thought I'd rather come just as I am than keep you waiting," she explained, as she sat down in the lap of a big "Sleepy Hollow" chair. Then she composed the folds of a neat-fitting dress that more than hinted at the shapely figure; crossed a pair of slippers, homopathic in their proportions, and sank back between the cushioned arms of the chair. The uncertain breeze stirring through the room occasionally puffed back the light hair that defied gold pins and netting, and strayed about the lady's round, shapely head as it chose. There might have been bows and ribbons and things, but there wasn't; and the want of them only emphasized the vivacity of Miss Anderson's face. When she spoke there was the same bright freshness of manner, but there was something more—a maturity which comes rapidly with the intense life she leads. An increased womanliness is felt rather than noted. The abounding vitality that once escaped in a sort of childish piquancy, is being toned to an earnestness that lacks nothing of youth, but partakes more of tact and discretion.

"Now, I'm not going to be interviewed, but we'll just chat," said the lady, as she drew a stool more conveniently near.

"Do you know," she added, "that when I was in St. Louis, somebody came to see me, and in the course of our talk I foolishly expressed myself as to the comparative merits of two prominent actors. Well, he went away and published just what I had said, and the papers commented upon it, and talked about me for so expressing myself. So I tell you I won't be interviewed."

"But there are some things about which I want—"

"There, now, I know just what you are going to ask about," interrupted the actress.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, it's about that gentleman they had me engaged to in Syracuse," and, as though about to be arraigned for it, the lady pleaded her innocence.

"I never saw him but three or four times," she continued, "but you know there are men who take great pains to please sometimes. Well, yesterday I returned to New York, and some one asked me when I was going to be married, and then I knew for the first time that I had been engaged to the Syracuse gentleman, but you mustn't print this, you know."

Then Miss Anderson sat up in her chair, and assuming a charming theatrical attitude, with one hand upon her head, and a distressed expression upon her face.

"Why, great heavens!" she said, "I can't imagine why such stories should be started about me. I'm not of the flirting kind, and I love my profession too well to get married just yet, at least. But, now, you won't publish what I have said, you know?"

"You speak of men who take great pains to please sometimes," began the writer.

"Oh, well, by that I mean that there are those who always, who always—well, what I do mean is, that from the lowest ballet-girl up, every actress has two or three men who are in love with her, don't you know? But now remember, you must not write anything of this that I have been saying."

When the little Syracuse episode was related, absolute silence was enjoined, but hastened the original question, lest the admonition be pushed to a promise.

"No, sir," replied the actress, "there is no truth in the report that I am going to make my permanent home in the western part of the State. I will tell you just how it is, but you must not publish what I tell you. We have rented Maggie Mitchell's cottage at Long Branch for the summer, with the settled intention of buying it next season. It's just beautiful there—perfect. But it is well to try a place one season before buying it."

"It is said, Miss Anderson, that you have made \$100,000 this season."

"That is not so. I have not made \$100,000, but I have made a good deal, and it will be better next season. In places where I played to \$400 houses last season, during the one just passed I have played to \$1,000 and \$1,200."

"What induced you to purchase Anna Dickinson's Crown of Thorns?"

"That's a mistake," replied Miss Anderson; "I am not the owner of The Crown of Thorns, although I would like to be. I never saw the play, but friends of mine have spoken so kindly of it that I would like to have it; but of course you won't print this."

"Have not overtures been made for its purchase?"

"I don't think I'd care to say about that. I have heard, though, that she said she would tear it all up in little pieces before any one else should have it, or appear in the part she had written for herself. Queer, isn't it?"

While speaking, Miss Anderson had suited the action to the words as she referred to Anna Dickinson destroying her Crown of Thorns, rather than have it worn by another woman, and then, at the interrogatory, the young actress assumed an expression which belied the solemnity of her inquiry.

"I'll tell you, though, what I am informed that Miss Dickinson did say, and that is, that she would like to write me a play."

During this, the young lady's face assumed a repentant and sober expression, as though the wish to write a new one atoned for the refusal of the authoress to sell the old one.

"But you must remember now," added Parthenia, "that you mustn't tell what I have said, because I don't want to be interviewed, and I'll be dignified and won't talk any more if you do."

"Then you have added no new play to your repertoire during the past season?"

"I have and I have not," was the reply;

"I have not, because I have already appeared in it; and again I have, because I have had it translated and materially changed. I refer to The Daughter of Roland, which proved a decided hit in the South. Let me tell you about that play. It was given to me by a well-known theatrical gentleman, and I first appeared in it after only four days' study of the part. The night of its introduction came and everything had run smoothly until the last act, and what do you think? Why, I forgot my part; forgot it as utterly as though I had never heard it. It was a frightful situation, but I stepped to the side and gave a signal to the prompter (an excellent one, by the way), and he gave me three or four words at a time, and while carrying on the stage business I took the words right out of his mouth and carried it through. At the close an old manager, who had a box that evening, came to me and said: 'You did splendidly; I'm proud of you.' And I said, 'Yes; yes, sir; but I didn't tell him the agony I had undergone. Well, when I was in Paris last year I spent a good deal of time with Sara Bernhardt, who plays The Daughter of Roland as no one else can. When we were alone she acted parts of it with me in private. She seemed pleased with my manner, because there was life in it, I suppose, and that's what they like over there. Then, one evening I went over to see Ristori, and she asked me if I had ever played The Daughter of Roland. 'Well,' said she, 'you play it, study it, and then come over here and play it in English. It will be a hit.' And then she got up and read me parts of it, and thus from her I got a good many ideas about it. So, since I have been home, I have had it translated and Ristori's suggestions embodied in it, and this play I shall bring out next season."

"You see, there are always new audiences, and that, together with the excitement that always attends, saves and prevents one from 'walking' through a play. To be sure it makes all difference whether one has a quiet audience. If the house is cool and not responsive, it makes all difference, for enthusiasm in front always goes straight to the actress, and then she begins 'firing up,' as we say, and so it goes back to the audience. Just here though," continued Miss Anderson, with free use of the index finger, "we must make a discrimination. There are times when the utter silence of an audience is the strongest proofs of its appreciation. That deathly stillness that sometimes greets and follows a great climax is the highest commendation a star could desire for her effort, and is just as gratifying as thunders of applause. This shows that the people are living the play, but there are those who evince no interest, because they are staring about the house, so?" Here the young lady made an opera glass of her small fists, and scanned her hearer with an expression of exquisite contempt. "Such people are like ice, and chill everybody on the stage."

"The first time I ever played Lady Macbeth was in Washington. The house was crowded from the galleries to the orchestra rail. I stood in the wings when the curtain went up, and I knew that in a few minutes I should be out there before them. I felt my hands growing cold to my wrists, my feet were numb, while all the rest was burning up, and my breath came short, like that of a person just coming up from a sudden plunge in the cold water. It came time for me to go on, and I went. But I was perfectly rigid, my hands were cold and clenched tight, while my teeth set so hard that I broke a piece out of one of them, see?" The young actress, during this portrayal of her feelings, had risen in theatrical style and given her hearer a benefit; then, stooping, she displayed the fractured tooth of a white even row, over which she smiled as she found herself betrayed to her feet by the gust of feeling.

"Well, I can't help it," she added as she resumed the "Sleepy Hollow" chair. "I must be just that excited to act well, and even now the thought of that night arouses me. Now you won't write anything about this, because I won't be interviewed any more, as I told you."

"No, my work for the season is not quite done. Mr. McCullough and myself play Ingomar at three benefit performances for J. T. Ford, and then I'm done for the summer. Next season, as yet, is all a blank; I cannot now tell what may happen then."

"But must you be going? Well, remember you must not publish all we have talked, for I am done with interviews and interviews, you know. Good evening, sir, good evening."

"Working the Press."

The other afternoon a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half pound cluster diamond pin, came into the Virginia City Chronicle office, and asked if the amusement editor was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking: "Delighted to meet you, sir—really I am. I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno, and took a run here. But, really, I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't see anything else in town."

"Ah!" said the editor, blushing in four colors, "I'm glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?"

"Well, here's my card," said the advance agent, handing out a piece of pasteboard about five inches square. "You may have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Slocum, agent of the Sebastian Van Buena Vista Circus and Menagerie. This is by far the largest combination of gigantic circuses ever put on the road. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over 400,000 feet of canvas, only nine tents, and scarcely 1,500 animals, but we gradually absorbed all the small fry shows. They'd go into bankruptcy along the route and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay double price, just to help the poor devils along. Money is of no account to him. He's traveling simply for pleasure and a desire to see the great West."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the editor.

"Oh, he knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over \$100. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull he just took a look at that face of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn five hundred people away at the door."

"How came he to get hold of my picture?"

"Oh, he begged it of Di Murska or Modjeska, or Clara Morris—I forget which. She hated like thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress \$10,000 once in Paris to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never canceled, she couldn't very well refuse. But I just came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to pump me, but I didn't propose to let a description of my show be mangled up by scrub writers. Besides, Sebastian telegraphed me last night not to let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of cages containing wild beasts, with twelve new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa, called the Jabberwock, which weighs 3,000 pounds."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language, which has made you famous in two continents—"

"How many columns do you want?"

"Oh, as many as you please."

"When will the show be here?"

"Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the animals that our progress across the country is slow."

"Just so. Well, our figures for big circuses like yours are \$150 a column cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected.

"Isn't that rather steep?" he said.

"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal, but we circulate such a mammoth edition that the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come up every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big Walter presses, lightning geared. Our expense for steam alone, sir, is \$2,000 a day. We have more carriers than you could pack into your largest tent."

Our Eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of a thousand a day for the last two years. "By simply cutting down the size of the paper an eighth of an inch, our proprietor has saved enough money to build four school-houses worth \$40,000 each and endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the State. He doesn't run the paper for money, but just simply for his health and because he likes the country."

Our mailing and folding machinery would remind you of the Risdon Iron Works."

"Is it in this building?"

"Oh, no; this is simply the branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"

The advance agent groaned as if in agony and fled from the office.

The principal members of Gotthold's Uncle Tom combination, will summer as follows: S. D. Higgs, New Britain, Conn.; J. R. Stockwell, Boston, Mass.; Edmunds, Baltimore; Minna Collins, New York; Mrs. Lawrence, Chicago; J. N. Gotthold, Eva Miller, Sid Ellis, and Miss Butler, Pittsburgh. The combination play the Octoroon next season.

THE VARIETY STAGE.

HARRY MINER'S.

Gus Williams, undoubtedly the best German dialect comedy artist in the world, is making a stir at this popular East side resort. He appears in his latest original songs, recitations and funny stories, and also as Peter Dinkelspiel, the principal character in the afterpiece, entitled Dinkelspiel's Blunders, and those who wish to enjoy a hearty laugh will find his rendition highly amusing. Scanlan and Cronin, the exponents of Irish character, are retained another week, appearing in a hilarious sketch, called McGormack the Copper; Harris and Carroll, the Ethiopian comedians, will delight their legion of friends in their great specialty sketch, That Gal of Mine; Prof. Parker, the canine instructor, introduces his wonderful Dog Circus, in which the dogs perform a series of pleasing tricks; the Three Burtons, who come well recommended, may be seen to advantage in their various specialties; Raymond and Murphy, Irish character vocalists and dancers, present an artistic piece of originality; Redmond and Clifton are making a favorable impression with their songs and dances; Thomas English, an instrumentalist, will perform solos on various instruments; Mollie Wilson, who has proved herself a great attraction, remains another week; the great novelty team, the American Four, will present their idea of a Midnight Serenade, and it is, of course, needless to mention the amusement they create; Bobby Newcomb will furnish his share of the evening's fun, and Louis Robie, Dora Graham, and others will appear in various acts.

THE LONDON.

The attraction for the week at this theatre is the appearance of John J. Dwyer, in his "play" entitled Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London, in which he is assisted by Dooney Harris, middle-weight champion. The sketch—for it can hardly be called a play—seems to have been constructed with a view of displaying the pugilistic accomplishments of its principal character; it is all appreciated, however, and will doubtless have a run; the Murphys, John and George, are also entrusted with characters, which they fill admirably. Clara Moore reappears again this week—we had hoped Clara would enjoy a trip around the world, but she will sing "her own songs" another week at the London; the Ethiopian comedian, Otto Burbank, has been engaged and will appear in several of his own productions during the evening. Mr. Burbank's sketches will prove an attractive addition to the programme, and in the various characters he assumes will be found very entertaining. Nellie German, another amateur candidate for lyric fame, appears in songs and recitations; Florie Plimssell, the serio-comic vocalist, makes her first appearance at this house; Williams and Stilly, the song and dance artists, have been retained, and are very funny in their sketch, You Ain't Put Up Right; Murphy and Mack have a new act called the McMullen Family; Dick Parker appears in his new delineations; Charles E. Worley, and others. June 19, afternoon and evening, the second annual benefit of J. B. Doniker, the musical director, will take place, when two bills of superior excellence will be presented.

VOLKS GARDEN.

The Four Aces proved a big attraction at the Volks last week and are retained, appearing in their Ethiopian specialty, Dancing on the Green; Minnie Lee, the vocalist, also proved a big card and will introduce some new songs during the week; Major Burk, the military drill master, appears in his famous Act L' Militaire, a novel and unique performance with musket and bayonet. The lightning rapidity which is shown in the Major's movements is almost incredible, and the act is alike entertaining and instructive. Gibbons and Russell, the Irish twins, appear in an artistic specialty; Virgie Jackson, a serio-comic, meets with hearty approval; Willard and Moore introduce a very comical musical act; Jen Powers and Georgie May, Ethiopian sketch artists, sing their quaint plantation songs and hymns; Clara Maxwell, serio-comic, in latest songs; Minnie Clyde retains her popularity as a vocalist, while the versatile Sam Norman continues to please the audience in whatever character he may choose to appear. The entertainment concludes with Gibbons and Russell's version of the comic act entitled Rehearsal, which will be found well cast, including as it does the best people of the company. Sunday concerts as usual.

Variety Mention.

Loves there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said,
"I've seen Gus Williams."

OUT OF TOWN VARIETY.

CHICAGO.

HAMILTON'S.—John Hamilton has given us a Summer show this week. The show was opened by Jennie Ray, a serio-comic of the usual kind, who tried hard to please. Neoskeleata, billed as an Indian maiden, and who must have long outlived her tribe, shrilly warbled ballads—in the Choctaw language doubtless. Emma Wells, a lady who attempts to sing baritone, tenor, soprano and alto after a fashion, appeared next. Jas. Roche and J. F. Oberist did the Actor's Studio. Manchester and Jennings, two good song-and-dance men, made a hit, and Tillie Antonio, a rather clever young woman, gave songs and dances with quick changes of costume. A Mr. George W. Thompson (from Philadelphia, I believe) has also ap-

peared in his "dramas," called Yamp and The Loewensteins, both of which he is careful to state on the bill, are emanations from his own gigantic intellect. Judging from the idiosyncrasy of these productions, I can account for Mr. Thompson's very bad performances of a Dutchman.

ITEMS.—John R. Allen's variety show under canvas, has not been the means of putting much money into John's purse. First, the night air was too chilly, and second, the show was very dizzy. I am glad to see that George T. Learock, Edwin Brown, N. S. Wood, and other capable actors with good plays, are to star in variety theatres next season. They will speedily push out of the business such people as E. T. Stetson, Geo. W. Thompson, Frank Jones, Hernandez Foster, and that ilk who have so long infested the variety stage. Tillie Antonio should not attempt "Grimes' Cellar Door"—we have seen the Foy Sisters here. To what tribe of redskins does Neoskeleata belong? They are fortunate in being rid of her. The head usher at Hamilton's, whose name I do not know, is a very gentlemanly young man. He was formerly at the Metropolitan. Emma Wells and Jennie Ray were formerly together as duettists. James Roche is losing his grip. Charles A. Gardner obligingly keeps off the stage. Long may he be content with private life. The unconquerable "Johnny" Thompson is playing On Hand in the wilds of Iowa, or was at last accounts. George W. Thompson, Philadelphia's pet fakir, is loose for the Summer, and, unfortunately for Chicago, has selected this as his first snap. John R. Allen will run the Halsted Street Opera House as a variety theatre this Summer, under the name of Pavillion Theatre. Zeke Sprague, the minstrel manager, talks of putting his niggers into the Metropolitan shortly.

CINCINNATI, O.

JUNE 8.

THE COLISEUM.—This comfortable house opens its doors this evening for the Sanger-foot week, and a great company of specialty artists has been engaged. Everything on the programme will be fresh and sparkling, and the price of admission is in accordance with the times. Manager Edwards has gathered together a galaxy of variety artists of well-known ability and reputation, and will give a good show. The king high kickers and acrobatic song-and-dance men, Emerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers, the boss comedians, W. S. Bryant, the German team, Morris and Fields, Mlle. Olympia and Mous. King, on the double trapeze; McAnky and Howe, the only double harp song-and-dance men on the stage; Dunbar and Rutolo, fine acrobats; the Swiss couple, Clark and Edwards; James S. and Katie Edwards, and the Barlow Brothers. This is surely talent enough.

VINE STREET OPERA HOUSE.—The numerous fresh attractions advertised to open last week, drew immense crowds. The Costellos, the daring gymnasts, gave a fine performance on the trapeze, closing with a leap for life. Crumly and DeForest, the champion song-and-dance team, are immense; they always receive six or seven encores. The premier equilibrist, H. S. Lambkin, is a show in himself; he is certainly the finest equilibrist in the country. The rest of the company are all first-class, and help to make the entertainments pleasing and enjoyable. Among the new people will be: the Indian Princess Neoskeleata, who appears in her unique and bewildering specialties, and Maggie Nichols, called the Sylph of the Air, whose wire act is unapproachable. All of the old favorites will remain another week. Maggie Gray, Jessie Forrester, Harry Lambkin, Crumly and DeForest, the take-the-cake song-and-dance men, Punch Walton, etc., etc. J. J. Riley has been engaged for one week to play the "old man" in that spicy and juicy comedy, called Si Salem. The new fun will be in operation next week.

ITEMS.—Vine Street Opera House does a "big" business. Billy Gleason will take a company up to Maysville, Ky., and play in that town for a few days. Ida Foy will star in a three-act drama called London by Night the coming season. Bart Smith and Dave O'Brien left for Memphis last Friday. James Edwards knows how to manage a theatre. Punch Walton is a great card for the Vine Street. Allie Wolf, a "snide" actor, goes to Louisville next week. Big houses at Vine Street this week. What becomes of all the worn-out song-and-dance men?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

METROPOLITAN.—An unusually good show was given here during the past week to fair business. The entertainment commenced with a Female Minstrel first part, with twenty-four people in the circle, followed by a good olio, consisting of the following talent: the Warren Sisters, in their sketches; O'Donnahue, in Irish turns; Lilly Brance, serio-comic; Rosa Collins, vocalist; Harry Evans, juggler, and Emma Evans, in Footsteps in the Sand.

WOODLAND GARDEN.—This place still continues very popular with the masses, an excellent show being given each Sunday. Booked June 8: the Hodges, Louise and Benjie, McGill and Ryland, Fred, Ritchie, Laura Bernard, Frank Stoukey, Doty Zaufreita, N. B. Shimer, and Billy Baker.

GRAND CENTRAL.—This popular resort opens for the Summer season under the management of J. H. Whallen, June 9. Two shows will be given each day, the first attraction being J. H. Weaver in drama Toby.

ITEMS.—Hattie Morris received a benefit at the Metropolitan, June 5, and I am happy to say she met with success, both artistically and financially. She appeared in her favorite play, East Lynne. Manager Wallen would meet the wants of his patrons by engaging Miss Morris for next season, as she is not only a fine actress, but a lady as well. Fred, Felton, manager Crown's Garden, Indianapolis, was presented by his Louisville friends, June 1, with a valuable gift as a token of their esteem. Manager Whallen takes a benefit at the Metropolitan, June 16, after which the house will be closed for reconstruction throughout. The new Pickwick-theatre will be completed and opened with a first-class specialty company, June 25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CITY GARDEN.—JAMES GREEN, in song and dance and musical specialties; Allen Bateman, in a clog dance; Charles Richmond and George Blake in a clog, and Miss Turner in a "Hungarian Flip" were the contributions the olio presented. The drama, Joe Flowers, with W. L. Turner in the title role, wound up the performance. The attendance has been only fair, consequent on the extremely hot weather. The performance throughout the week suffered considerably from the want of a competent orchestra. The leader, with a number of the best musicians, are at Muncie, Ind., with a troupe under the management of the proprietor of this house. Opening next week: John Revere, D'Alve Sisters, W. C. Turner and wife remain. The drama, A Hundred Years Dead, is the attraction they will present.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

COMIQUE.—Regular season closed 7th. The house will be open 11th for a benefit to J. R. Thornton, also night of 13th for an athletic and variety performance.

SANS SOUVE GARDENS.—Opened June 2, with immense gatherings, which have continued all the week. Pinafore is the attraction, and it is well sung and acted. Etta and Nellie Bartlett as Josephine and Buttercup have fine voices and excel in their respective characters. Henry Molton has a splendid tenor voice, and as Ralph Rackstraw both sings and acts well. O. E. Skiff is a good Admiral. N. C. Potter in the Boatman's song, "He is an Englishman," is nightly encored. E. L. Smith as Dick Dendeye is good. The opera has been so well received it will continue for some time.

JERSEY CITY.

VARIETIES.—Mr. Hamilton, for the Summer months, has abolished the charge for admission, and has converted his auditorium into a beer garden, still continuing to give a variety performance with the same competent company he has hitherto had. The venture has proved a success, and will be continued. This week: Sammy Ryan, Ed Ryan, Belle Cushing, Ada Forrest, Frank Hall, Maude Florette, Daisy Sinclair, Mamie Multon.

ARCADE.—Opened their second week with a strong bill—the Dockstaders, Billy Bryant, Frank Carr, Lulu Wentworth, Ione Lang, and others. Last week Bobby Newcomb, who was billed, did not appear. This is not calculated to help either the actor or the management.

CLEVELAND, O.

COMIQUE.—This institution flourishes like the traditional "green bay tree," no matter how much and to what extent the legitimate may languish and decay for want of patronage. The past week has been but a repetition of the Comique's characteristic success. The benefit of Manager Hart on the 6th was not exactly an "ovation"—it was a "jam," an overflow of the heterogeneous masses.

NEWARK, N. J.

WALDMAN'S.—Camille; Katie Gilbert in the title role. The Martinettis have gone to Baltimore, and the Merritt Brothers—who, by the way, are excellent vocalists—have accepted an engagement with John T. Ford for Summer, and sing on an excursion boat.

METROPOLITAN.—N. S. Wood in The Boy Detective, supported by Mamie Branscombe, H. R. Marshall, and others.

PITTSBURG, PA.

WILLIAMS' ACADEMY.—May Fiske's Blondes open an engagement of one week, 9th. Richmond and Von Boyle's comb, 16th, one week.

Myron W. Leffingwell Dead.

M. W. Leffingwell, the actor, died at his residence, 119 West Eleventh street, on Tuesday afternoon.

He had been confined there since May 20, by serious illness. While playing with Kate Claxton's company in Chicago, May 17, he felt so ill that he decided to return home. He arrived May 20, and his death has been expected almost daily since. Mr. Leffingwell was 52 years of age, having been born in Chillicothe, Ohio, March 21, 1827. He was educated in his native town, and he learned the trade of a printer, at which he worked for several years in Cincinnati. In December, 1847, he made his first appearance upon the stage as Corporal Stiff, in Red Rover. Four years afterward he made his bow before a New York audience, in the Old Bowery Theatre, March 17, 1851, in Belphegor the Mountebank. He remained here two seasons, constantly growing in popularity, and the first leading part that Maggie Mitchell ever played was at a benefit given to Leffingwell at this theatre. In 1859 Mr. Leffingwell appeared in support of Matilda Heron at the Howard Athenaeum, at that time the leading theatre of Boston. He first appeared in New York, after an absence of 12 years, at Wood's Theatre, now the Theatre Comique, Feb. 19, 1867, as Nippen the policeman, in the Child Stealer. At this theatre, in 1867, he first began to make burlesque a specialty, appearing as Clorinda in Cinderella, and Beppo in Fra Diavolo. He began starring with this burlesque business in the season of 1868-9, and since then has traveled most of the time with companies of his own, visiting nearly every city in the Union, from Boston to San Francisco. He played for two seasons with the Furbish combination. He is best known, however, by his remarkable performance of Romeo Juliet Jenkins, a part he made wholly his own.

For the last five months he had been traveling with the Kate Claxton combination in A Double Marriage. He leaves a widow and two sons, one aged eighteen and the other twenty-six.

His brother, S. W. Leffingwell, is a newspaper man, resident in Chillicothe. Mr. Leffingwell's funeral takes place to-day (Thursday) at two o'clock. The remains will be interred in Evergreens Cemetery, Brooklyn.

—It is rumored that James O'Neil will be leading man at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, next season.

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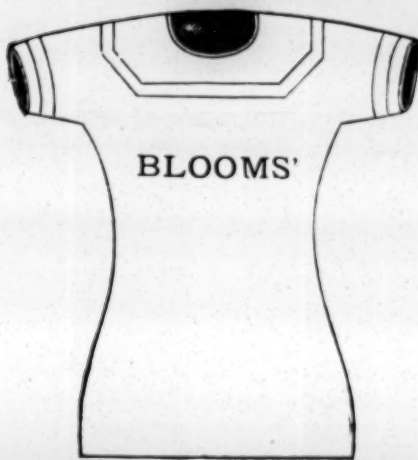
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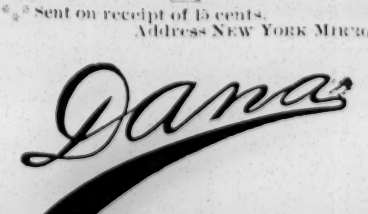
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